Tom Snowt, the Tinker.

Snowt. Here *Peter Quince.*

Quin. You, *Pyramus* father; my ſelfe, *Thisbies* father; *Snugge* the Ioyner, you the Lyons part: and I hope here is a play fitted.

Snug. Haue you the Lyons part written? pray you if it be, giue it me, for I am ſlowe of ſtudy.

Quin. You may do it *extempore*, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the Lyon too, I will roare, that I will do any mans heart good to heare me. I will roare, that I will make the Duke ſay, Let him roare again, let him roare againe.

Quin. If you ſhould do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheſſe and the Ladies, that they would ſhrike, and that were enough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs euery mothers ſonne.

Bot. I grant you friends, if you ſhould fright the Ladies out of their wits, they would haue no more diſcretion but to hang vs: but I will aggrauate my voyce ſo, that I will roare you as gently as any ſucking Doue; I will roare you and t'were any Nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Piramus*, for *Piramus* is a ſweet fac't man, a proper man as one ſhal ſee in a ſommers day; a moſt louely gentlemanlike man, therefore you muſt needs play *Piramus.*

Bot. Well, I will vndertake it. What beard were I beſt to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will diſcharge it, in eyther your ſtraw-colour beard, your orange tawny beard, your purple in graine beard, or your french crowne colour beard, your perfit yellow.

Quin. Some of your french crownes haue no haire at all; and then you will play bare fac't. But maſters heere are your parts, and I am to entreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you,

you, to con them by too morrow night: an
the palace wood, a mile without the town
light, there we will rehearſe: for if we mee
we ſhall be dogd with company, and our de
In the meane time, I will draw a bill of prop
our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

Bot. We will meete, and there we may
obſcenely and couragiouſly. Take paines, b

Quin. At the Dukes oke we meete.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bow-ſtrings.

Enter a fairy at one doore, and Robin go
at another.

Robin. How now ſpirit, whether wander

Fai. Ouer hill, ouer dale, through buſh, th
Ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, throu
I do wander euery where, ſwifter then the
And I ſerue the Fairy Queene, to dew her
The cowſlips tall, her penſioners be,
In their gold coats, ſpots you ſee,
Thoſe be Rubies, Fairy fauours,
In thoſe freckles, liue their ſauors,
I muſt goe ſeeke ſome dew drops here,
And hang a pearle in euery cowſlips eare.
Farwell thou Lob of ſpirits, Ile be gone,
Our Queene and all her Elues come here a

Rob. The King doth keepe his Reuels hee
Take heed the Queene come not within hi
For *Oberon* is paſſing fell and wrath,
Becauſe that ſhe, as her attendant, hath
A louely boy ſtollen from an Indian king,
She neuer had ſo ſweete a changeling,
And iealous *Oberon* would haue the childe
Knight of his traine, to trace the Forreſts
But ſhe, perforce with-holds the loued bo
Crownes him with flowers, and makes hi